

Wednesday
June 11th

O P

My Sweetheart.

This must not be
your birthday letter as
you will get it too soon
but I can't resist answering
your sweet letter with
its little bit o' Sunday night
blues. Never mind about
the fine horses sleep, don't
let it worry you, if ~~you~~
you had to work hard as
many hours as I do, & run
around the rest of the
time after builders you
would find that 24 ^{hours}
wouldn't be enough to
crowd in your necessary
recuperative sleep.

Yesterday I matched
a few hours from architec-
-tural study, & cobbled
my clothes a bit. I have
been up before 6 every
morning this week, Monday
to start Lyle off, & the 5

of three days to meet Miller
at Bedouls to discuss
woods & finish. Miller
being perfectly desperate
about the pine wood.
Today I managed to pack
away the winter clothes
in campfire, & wish to
town I hoped to get to
prayer meeting for a
bit of nerve rest to-night
but 4 calls anchored me
here. A severe storm
last night about flooded
Doras soon. A tree from
under one sprout caught
about 3 inches depth

Mrs Boy has promised
to send a carpenter to-
morrow to fix the roof.
It has been lovely and
cool for several days
W Rodgers on Warban has
sold out & moved, only
one week's warning. He
have just closed up our
milk contract there, &

engaged with W Hvain
we can have as much
as we like, & it will be
handy when we move.
Sarah Young came to the
store yesterday to get Miller
to go out & see to Alan
I guess he was on the saw
page, Miller went today
but had not got back
when I sent Jess down
just now. I will report
later. Jess is all anxiety
about the doings at school
this week. I think you
may perhaps hear from
his majesty when it is
all over. I cant get him
to write to save my life.
Miss Kate Harrigan has
not yet made any returns
A good job she was ^{at} there
last night, she would
have been washed away
I hear. Mrs Blatchford
is ill I cant get time to
go in there. The census taker
was here today. He wanted

To know if you were married
what Papa's rank was in
the Army, & whether we
had any deformed people
or chronic invalids in the
family. I think he had some
idea of putting Maria down
as a Museum curiosity
when I told him her age
& that she had gone on
a pleasure trip 1200 miles
most women of 60 consider
traveling anything but
enjoyment. I am going
to get Clarence Boone to
play the fiddle at our S.S.
entertainment Thursday
19th June, I think the chil-
dren will be pleased.
Don't be matchmaking for
any of my family just yet
the Capt will have to take
some hard knocks before
he will be fit for any body's
husband. No I will have
to be courted out, or there
will be a wretched woman
in the house. Now my darling
good night my eyes won't
stay open another minute
Aug the dear & yourself for me
your mugged Mother.

Elizabeth Court
Oak Park

June 11th
(Dear Mama.

It is very difficult to find time to answer my letters as promptly as I like to, there is a vast difference between the opportunities for writing at a Hotel, and in the midst of home cares. I have just ~~prompted~~ my news reservoir dry in Grace's behalf, so can find nothing more for you. I hope you will find something of interest in her letter. Miller seems full of furious energy since his return, he comes up very faithfully, finding it hard to break up old habits.

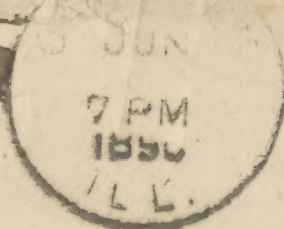
I began this letter last night but was too tired to finish it. Leicester is tearing around in a wild state of excitement over the school doings, to day, Ribands of school colors, button hole rose, hair to be cut, & so on.

The last week of school out here is enough to break up the whole community. Sad news in the paper this morning Mr Demuth of Hinsdale died last evening quite suddenly. His wife I believe still in a very critical state from the injuries received during the burning of their home, in which they lost everything, & now poor soul, she has lost the only thing

she had left, & is lying helpless. A carpenter is mending our roof to stay but I fear he can take away the damp mouldy. Small the wet carpet is left with. Poor Miss Kate Harrigan. It is getting hot again today less & I are going to Clyde to spend Sunday, Tybee not being here. I must write him a line this morning so good bye. I am glad to hear from Grace that your weather is growing milder.

With much love to you all I am
Yours as ever
Caroline Hall.

MISSSENT TO SPRINGFIELD, MASS.



Miss Grace Hall.
Springfield House
Nantucket Is.
Mass

